

I. Adolphia Young Duke, son of Robert Stone Duke and Anna Ross Young, was born January 25, 1860, at Provo, Utah.

In April of the same year we moved to Heber, Wasatch County, Utah, which was then called Provo Valley. We lived in the fort, which was in the west part of town, where the John Witt and John Crook homes are now located. We lived just north of Peter Mayoh's home, in the center of where the street is now.

In the spring of 1862 we moved to my father's farm, near where my brother, L. B. Duke, lives. In 1866 we had to move back into the Fort again on account of the Black Hawk Indian War. In this same year my father made a trip to the Missouri River after immigrants. He was gone for three months. One of my earliest remembrances is of when we were informed of his homecoming. We went just outside the city of Coalville, at Chalk Creek, where the train was coming down the hill. Our dog ran part-

way up the hill and jumped into my father's wagon.

My father brought me a little drum and, on the 24th of July, 1870, when the Martial Band came to our home and began to play, I got my drum and hammered away as hard as I could. One of the band members put me in the wagon and I have been a member of the Martial Band ever since, except for a few years when I was in the Heber City Brass band, where I played the cornet.

I can well remember when all the children went to meeting and parties barefoot. The men had no coats and wore a red sash or girdle when they went to parties. They would tie the sash around their waist and tie it in a double bow knot on the left side.

In the pioneer days of Heber most all plowing and other field work was done by oxen. Cows were turned out to the hills for pasture, where they were herded by the younger children.

My school days and meetings and dances and entertainments were in the East Ward schoolhouse, built in 1864. Almost every house had a spinning wheel and a number of skeins of yarn had to be spun each day. Through the long winter nights the women, and sometimes the men, knitted socks.

In my boyhood days I worked on the farm and assisted my father in burning lime and making brick, and going to school in the winter. A little later I went to work at a sawmill, tending ratchet. I soon became an expert in that capacity and worked at it for a number of years.

We lived in a log house with two rooms. We had saved enough brick to build a house. I stayed with the sawmill work until I had enough lumber to build the family a home.

In the early spring of 1882 we commenced laying the brick. We had dug a cellar and built the foundation the year before. We got the walls about one foot high when my father was called on a mission to the Eastern States. My older brother, Robert, was married and my younger brother was only 10 years old, so the responsibility for carrying on was placed on me. I had been saving and laying by money for a wedding stake, but had to try and forget that and used every dollar I had and all

I could earn in the following two years to put into the afore-named house.

When my father arrived home, on the 24th of April, 1884, we had the downstairs rooms finished and paid for and were living in the new home.

On the following 6th day of November, 1884, I was married in the Logan Temple to Emma M. Nilsson, the best contract I ever made in my life. God bless her forever. She has always been a model wife and mother.

A year after we were married I went to the Moulton Ranch, 10 miles north of Heber, and stayed there for a year and a half. Leaving there, I went to work in the A. Hatch & Co. store, where I remained until I was called on a mission to the Southern States. I left my wife and three children May 20, 1893, and departed from Salt Lake City with 10 other missionaries.

I labored in the Southern States Mission until July, 1895, and returned home July 11, 1895. I would like here to quote from the July 19, 1895, issue of "The Wasatch Wave":

A MISSIONARY'S RETURN

"A. Y. Duke returned to his home in Heber from a two years' mission in Tennessee Saturday afternoon. He was met in Park City by his wife and three little daughters, together with his father and mother, Bishop and Mrs. Duke.

"About noon Saturday, seven or eight buggies, with other relatives and intimate friends, started out and met the returning party this side of the river bridge. A number of relatives and friends were also gathered at Mr. Duke's residence, awaiting his arrival, and many others called during the evening.

"He addressed the large audience in the Stake House Sunday afternoon by relating some of his experiences while in the South, and delivering a first-class sermon on LDS doctrine.

"The reception already given him did not seem to satisfy his many friends, however, and a surprise party took possession of his home Monday evening. The party numbered no less than 100 people, including the members of the Heber Brass Band, who, with their lively music floating out upon

the night air, added much to the enjoyment of the occasion."

A short time after returning from my mission I went to Wallsburg and went into the mercantile business. I remained there for three years and then sold out and returned home, so we could send our children to the Brigham Young University at Provo, Utah.

I went to work in Mark Jeff's store and remained there until the Heber Mercantile Company was organized, and worked there in the hardware department a number of years.

In November, 1925, I was called on a mission to the Southern States, where I labored in Jacksonville, Florida, for one month, and spent the remaining five months in Tampa, Florida.

In conclusion, I will give a summary of my civic and Church activities. My first Church job was a ward district teacher, then Sunday School teacher, next as president of the YMMIA, and for 15 years in the presidency of the Stake Mutual. Twenty-five years in the Stake High Council, two years in the ward bishopric and eight years as president of the High Priests, an office I am still holding.

In a civic capacity I have served two terms on the town board, and was secretary for one term. I was manager of the old Social Hall for a number of years, president of the stake amusement board for three years, and manager of the amusement hall for three and a half years.

Through all these changing scenes I have tried to keep within the law and have had in mind that there is a God in heaven that rules the destinies of men and nations, and when I have put my trust in Him, He has never failed me.

A. Y. Duke was an active Church worker right up until his death. In December, 1939, he went to Mesa, Arizona, to do Temple work. In February, 1940, he contracted pneumonia and died February 25, 1940, after one week's illness, at the age of 80 years—one month.

EMMA MATILDA NILSSON DUKE

I was born in a little town a few miles north of the city of Gothenburg, Sweden,

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on the 3rd of August, 1863. Our home was in a beautiful spot not far from the Gotha River. Our home faced the highway and beyond this was a lovely meadow, where in the spring and summer all kinds and colors of beautiful flowers bloomed.

My father's name was Olof S. Nilsson. He was born on the 17th day of December, 1834. When he was 18 years old, his parents died from cholera. His father died one day and his mother the day after, leaving a family of nine children. My father then had to leave his home and find something he could do, so he learned the blacksmith trade, but he was very handy and could do almost anything he tried.

My mother, Anna Sophia Erickson, was born August 24, 1824, and she was a widow with four children, three boys and one girl when my father married her. She was a woman who accomplished a great many things in her life. She could tailor men's clothing and make all kinds of dresses for women and children. She was also experienced in making sails for the boats. She could spin and weave cloth, both woolen and linen. I have seen her getting the flax ready to spin, also wool, then spin and weave it into cloth. The linen was used for sheets and table cloths, towels and dish towels.

My mother's first husband's name was Walquist. My father and mother owned their own home, and my father also owned a blacksmith shop and stone quarry. He got contracts for paving the streets in Gothenburg and had men get the rocks out and shape them in squares about 12 inches each way.

He and my half-brothers owned two boats, one a small row boat and the other a large sail boat, which they used to ship the rock to the city. They did this work every summer and in the winter they worked in the shop. My father was also the village dentist and everyone who had to have dental care came to him and he did the work free.

My mother was always called on in sickness. She was a midwife and went in all kinds of weather. She never lost a mother and she gave her services free.

I don't know just what year my family joined the Church, but it was somewhere near 1860. My older sister, Albertina, was

born that year. Our home was headquarters for the Elders. My father used to baptize converts to the Church, in a spring in the woods near our home. He had to do this at night always, as the prejudice against the Mormons was so great they did not dare be seen baptizing in the daylight.

I can't remember when I couldn't read the Swedish language. I soon wanted to learn to read Danish, and as my father had the Church books in Danish, I learned to read that language when I was eight years of age, and I can still read it.

In 1872, after holding a family council, it was decided that my sister, Albertina, and I would go to Salt Lake because we could go half fare. We would stay at the home of my half-brother, John Walquist, until our parents came the next year. We left, in charge of the local Elder, going to Copenhagen first, then to England, and on to America. While crossing the Atlantic there was a terrible storm. One woman was washed overboard and later there were two burials at sea.

We arrived in Salt Lake City on the 15th day of June, 1872, and stayed with my brother until the next summer, when my parents arrived with my little brother Carl. Soon after they came they found a suitable place to live in the Thirteenth Ward, on Third South Street. I attended school and soon learned to read the English language.

When I was about 11, my mother's health began to fail. She gradually grew worse and, on June 7, 1876, passed away. My father's brother, O. T. Nilsson, came from Heber to the funeral and asked me if I would like to go back to Heber with him. I told him yes, and so came to Heber to live.

It wasn't very long after my mother died that I received the terrible news that my father had been killed accidentally while working in the mines in the Tooele region. He was so badly hurt that we could not see him after his death.

For about eight years I worked in summer and sewed for money to pay for schooling and clothes, and for my board in the winter, and went to school as much as I could. I associated with a nice crowd of young people and went to dances and sleigh-riding in the winter time. The crowd